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VOL LXI.

NO. V.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque VALENSES  
Cantabunt SOBOLIS, unanimique PATRES."

FEBRUARY, 1896.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Sixty-First Volume with the number for October, 1895. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. LXI.

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No. 5

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '96.

MAITLAND GRIGGS.

GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON.

EDWIN SIDNEY OVIATT.

PHILIP CURRAN PECK.

CHAUNCEY WETMORE WELLS.

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ON REALITIES.

IF there is a synonym for Yale it is independence, and if we possess any one thing it is the much abused "Yale spirit." It is not a spirit to be done away with overnight, nor an idol of wood to be set up in a twinkling for the cap-in-hand salute of unthinking worshippers. That is what some one meant when he called Yale the "place where the tradition of national character is maintained." Something about this spirit goes down into the very roots, and recognizes the man in man. It permits a freedom of public opinion quite unusual, and credits to the full the honesty that speaks forth even unpopular views. And this spirit, in its various workings-out, is the answer to the serious charges against the whole fabric of our university.

It needs no college catalogues nor deftly-handled statistics to prove that our curriculum is broadening in a most encouraging manner. The jeers at Yale's too conservative advances have, perhaps, not been unheeded. Not that by any means the curriculum approximates perfection, not that we appreciate even our present advan-

tages, but the spirit of rational progress is unquestionably in the air. Yet the most vital change, perhaps, is in the atmosphere of the undergraduate body. It needed an audience as well as a lecturer to celebrate the literary anniversaries of Keats and Carlyle, and no amount of professorial advice could have raised Phi Beta Kappa to its present dignity. Not in recent years has scholarship been so much respected at Yale as now. We are realizing more and more that scholarship is a prime factor—that there can be men who are scholars as well as gentlemen and gentlemen as well as scholars. The establishment of a high-stand society in Sheff, the increase of Phi Beta Kappa men out of all proportion with the growth of the classes, the enthusiastic revival of debating, are evidence enough of this lift and upward impetus.

This influx of new blood into our university life has brought with it a charge that it is unhealthy, that it pulses hot only in response to social stimulants. Now none would be so foolish as to laud in unstinted terms our intellectual life. Confessedly we are not all true scholars—no college the country over makes so untenable a boast. Scholarship that studies for the love of it, work for the very work's sake—that is a very fine ideal around which to fashion sentiment. But are we then to ridicule as unworthy the persistent struggle of a man ambitious to win for himself success? Elsewhere we see apathy enough and stagnant ambition. But the Yale system is essentially one of work. Incentive to *do* something, vigorous competition—the vital principle of social life—are such integral parts of Yale that idleness and indifference are reduced to the smallest possible factor.

It is this more than anything else that has raised the standard of morality at Yale higher than it has been before in recent years. We hardly need the testimony of those best fitted to give it of the steady set of the current toward manhood and sincerity in religion. Immorality—hypocrisy—the zealous critic will not have to search far for nails with which to drive home complaints. But the very fact that a few men ape a religion they do not really

feel, proves the worth of Yale's religion. Are we to cut down the tree because of the parasites that cling to it? Away with government then because there are corrupt politicians a-plenty! "Nothing is so hard to deal with as invincible ignorance, coupled with a zeal for morality." The pessimist will compile generalities from a few isolated abuses till the end of the chapter. Nor will there cease some clamor about religious politics, now well-nigh banished into the limbo of things forgotten.

In literary work, too, if the rewards are rated high enough to stimulate energetic competition, to encourage hard work, even if not always coupled with original genius, are we to despair? "Art for Art's sake"—that is a high sounding phrase that slips readily from the lips—but how many callow youths can set that as their figure-head. The abuses in our college writing are prevalent everywhere, and equally deplorable. But to hold a pessimistic belief in the failure of a literary system that has stimulated unusual interest and competition for its honors, is to despair of good in our undergraduate life.

Yale is essentially American. It contains a deal of practical common sense and Yankee pluck and perseverance. It is primarily a place where character is developed by the rubbing up of men against each other in a way that surprises men of other large colleges. To a certain extent we shall always have materialism of this sort; we lack the cloistered seclusion and scholastic atmosphere that centuries long have bred into the bone of Oxford and Cambridge. But we have no reason to doubt that a genuine academic and literary spirit, as yet in the embryo, is soon to extend throughout our college. Beneath the gloss on the surface we can hardly fail to see the first seeds of the rare literary inspiration which was Prof. McLaughlin's heritage to Yale furtively springing forth. We are at the point of transition from the college to the university—that has become a truism. The growth of this new spirit seems very slow, but it is certain. The wider interest in good literature, the new enthusiasm for debating, court for themselves no notoriety, but they are significant.

To fit the new conditions of this broader life, the social scale is undergoing readjustment. The size of our university precludes the possibility of equal privileges for all. In the distribution of college rewards there is bound to be discontent and dissatisfaction. There are stout hearts and true unrecognized. But the man whose college life is spoiled by the rankling in his mind of disappointment, no matter if it be undeserved, forfeits the right to his self-respect, and proves his own unworthiness. If we are to believe that marks make scholarship; if we are to take an instructor's valuation instead of our own satisfaction as the estimate of the worth of a study; if we are to measure our success only by the exact amount of credit we receive, we are come to a sorry pass. If reward alone is the end in view, and not the means, then there will be many a heartache.

Yale's social system claims for itself neither perfection nor infallibility. It battles with its difficulties as best it can. The complete reorganization of under-class societies has done away with their most glaring defects, and infused new life-blood into the old hulks of the Junior societies. Earnest, energetic, enthusiastic work—this is the salvation of our Yale life. It is this spirit, vigorous and hopeful, that underlies and animates our social system. There *are* abuses; there *are* college misfits; there *are* shams. But there are realities so true, so noble, so inspiring that no Yale man need ever despair of his college.

*George Henry Nettleton.*



**The Gale Lit. Prize Essay.****THE NOVELS OF HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.**

CORNELIUS PORTER KITCHEL, East Liverpool, Ohio.

" . . . human documents that can be relied upon."  
—Without Dogma.

THE writing of Henryk Sienkiewicz is as strong and fresh as the breezes that blow over his own loved steppes. It comes like a voice from the wilderness, recalling "the fresh odor of newly ploughed fields, the vigor of young leaves, the sound of wings of birds flying over fallow land to the immense breadth on plains and meadows."

It was by the translation of his historical romances that this Polish novelist became known to the American public. "Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael" form a sort of Polish trilogy which rises to the dignity of a national epic. What Dumas and Hugo have done in literature for France, and Scott for England, this gifted Pole has achieved for his country. Under his touch the dusty pages of history begin to glow with color, and the faded personages of the dead centuries become men and women of warm flesh and blood, and take on the semblance of eternal humanity.

A tremendous canvas slowly shapes itself before us, so large, indeed, that at first one needs patience, but soon the colors come out vividly, and episode crowds on episode in a way that is enthralling; the rush of mighty armies, the hordes of Cossacks with their wild "Unàs," the din and stress of conflict, the sickening cruelties of carnage. It is a battle piece, painted with the minuteness of a Meissonier and the breadth and sweep of a Verestchagin. Everywhere is life, vitality, action, the impulsive stir of children, for that is all these valiant warriors really are. Their race is young and their blood hot, and so they boast and strut, fall on each other's necks with



sobs, and then are off to the fight with a flash and a shout. Battle and siege follow close on skirmish, the vigor and intensity increasing all the while, till the climax is reached at last in that defense of Zbaraz, where those emaciated forms, covered with mud and blood, shout, with fever in their eyes, "God will aid!" and stand firm against the sea of heads that come rolling on like dark clouds. Naked steel whines through the air and sinks into something soft, while the mad cry rings out, "Cut! Slay! Kill!" and mingled with it, "For our Father! For the King!" These two cries form the motif of the first book.

Although the ease with which he sustains this continuous power and sweep of narration is remarkable, yet it is chiefly as a creator of character that Sienkiewicz stands forth preëminent. In Zagloba he has given a new creation to literature; indeed, from the artistic standpoint the creation of this fat boaster was a feat comparable with Goethe's creation of Mephistopheles, or Shakespeare's creation of Falstaff. There is a veritable Falstafian strut about Zagloba, and something of the Ulysses as well, yet there glows in him a tender, affectionate nature such as the companion of the Merry Prince never had. His true self is revealed when he sits in his "dear corner" in the garden and dozes in the sun, catching glimpses with his one eye of his grandchildren playing around him, and in the vine-clad doorway the tall, fair figure of that daughter he loves as his own soul. We can understand his yearning when he cries out, in the midst of an apparently hopeless struggle, "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! when wilt Thou give peace to this commonwealth, and to Zagloba a warm place at the stove, and heated beer even without cream." He struts through the camp, bellowing, "Each day I send two of my foes to hell, and for Sundays and holidays who knows if there be not three or four. Ha!" Yet in the face of the motley host he changes his tune, and gasps out in a way that is truly Shakesperian, "Jesus and Mary! I tell you there's a lion in me and I feel no alarm, but as God is dear to me, there are too many of

them!" Our hearts grow tender toward this old rascal of a noble as the trilogy draws to its close. His is the last figure we see, sobbing over the coffin of his friend and tearing out the remnant of hair in his forelock. Then, old, decrepit, trembling, he falters away, supporting a shrieking, fainting woman.

In "The Deluge" is depicted the purification of a human soul; character is not only created, but consistently and naturally developed. Kmita, a reckless madcap, who savors of tavern brawls and wild midnight raids, makes his appearance half drunk, amusing himself by shooting to shreds the portraits of his ancestors. Yet we find this same Kmita, a little later on, busied body and soul in the almost hopeless defense of a monastery, gaunt, starving, eager, with prayers trembling on his lips, and in his eyes a light kindled at the altars of the Most High. He breaks gladly away from the meshes of his past misdeeds, determined "to collect a body of cut-throats from under some dark star, and frolic with them as a gypsy at a fair, fall upon the Swedes and ride over their breasts with pure heart and conscience. With what can his guilt be effaced, if not with service of some kind, immense, difficult, honorable and pure as a tear?" "Oh, God, be merciful, I am going to my King!" he cries, stretching up his hands used to bloodshed and the sword, and there falls upon him the shadow of great peace. "Thy will be done! To thee, Oh Lord, I offer this my sorrow, this my great yearning. I press thy bleeding feet again, and I go, O, Christ, I go!" And he strides forth alone, to defend his king in the mist of a mountain pass against a countless throng. This is the last trial, the crowning service, reminding one of that great battle in the West that Arthur waged and won. And then, like Arthur, he passes out upon the quiet, moonlit sea of his consolation. The best of our ordinary heroes dwindle into pale carpet knights in comparison with this man of Poland, a simple, heroic, almost legendary character, full of the spirit of Homer and the old German folk lore.

Indeed, the Homeric quality in the trilogy is very marked, a simple dignity, a bareness that betokens the

literature of a race that is young. Often, too, a strain of the weird and supernatural creeps in, the childish dread of the northern tribes that hears groans and mocking laughter in the winter wind, and peoples the shadows with green-eyed infants ready to spring and cling, like leeches, to the flesh. Underneath every other note there rises predominant the rude and mournful music of the Slav, who stretches out yearning hands towards Nature and yet robes her with immense loneliness, a vast melancholy that shrouds his whole horizon.

Like Kmita, Pan Michael represents a progression of character. This little swordsman with the flashing eyes reminds one a deal of Dumas' cavaliers, yet he is depicted and worked out with such a skill as the great French romancer never showed. The most of Dumas' characters are ready made, very well made, to be sure, but without the germ of future development. And even in D'Artagnan, his master-stroke, the growth never reaches its full, but remains merely external rather than interior. He let slip the fact that life is continually changing men, either making or marring, while Sienkiewicz realizes it to the full. He places before us certain men and women, throbbing with personality, whom he has lived among and known, and lets them speak and act for themselves. In a certain sense he is not trying to construct any particular plot or character; there is no touch of the fore-seeing craftsman in his work. He rather hides himself in these creatures of his heart and lets them work out the plot. He breathes a soul into Pan Michael, and that soul evolves its own destiny. His heart is brave at first, but there is in it a fickleness and selfishness that only love and suffering can purge into radiant spirituality. The first Michael could never have uttered such words as now fall from the lips of this hero, standing on the rocky height soon to be his tomb, and bidding a last farewell to the woman of his heart. "Somewhere above the great moon is a country of bliss without end. Whoever of us reaches that meadow first will draw breath as after a long journey, and will wait for

the other. And there will be no tears, only endless rejoicing. This life is nothing. Remember that, Bosia!" He stands at last alone, a weak, helpless figure outlined against the sunset. He bares his head and looks for a while on the ruined walls, the cannon, the scene of his glory, and then, raising his eyes, begins to pray: "Grant her, Oh, Lord, to endure this patiently! Give her peace!" So Pan Michael dies, the Hector and first soldier of his country, and the trilogy comes to its end.

There is one difference between these romances of Sienkiewicz and those of Walter Scott which naturally comes to mind in this connection. The reader of Scott, even in the days of his fascination, when all the splendid glamour is fresh upon him, feels that touch of aloofness from the personality of the characters which marks even the best work of the border minstrel. Sienkiewicz writes out from a loving, patriotic, pitying heart.

It is as strange a thing as may be that this man, the greatest living writer of the romance of incident, should also write a book like "Without Dogma." It stands as a triumph of psychology, and carries self-analysis as far as did ever Tolstoi or Bourget. The whole course of literature presents no other instance of the success and dominance of a tremendous intellect in two fields so strikingly dissimilar; this diversity of genius is perhaps the most striking feature of his work. His purpose in writing the book is expressed in the words he puts into the mouth of his hero at the beginning: "A man who leaves memoirs, whether well or badly written, provided they be sincere, renders a service to future writers, giving them not only a faithful picture of the times, but likewise human documents that can be relied upon." "Without Dogma" is a human document written in the light of a great imagination. It appeals to the heart, and whatever does that must live and move humanity "so long as humanity is human."

In the historical novels the scene was crowded with a multitude of heroes, with mighty armies. "Without Dogma" concerns itself with the fate of a single man.

Here is no clashing of warriors, but the silent, breathless struggle of a man for his own soul. It is not a very lovely thing, the character of this Leon; there is enough in it of ourselves to make it distasteful. His doubts, his pessimism, his self-probings, his overstrung nerves are all a product of our own times. Here is a fine, strong nature capable of great things, yet producing nothing, since his self-consciousness, too much developed, weakens his power of action. He is forever spying out, analyzing and spinning into nothingness every emotion of his life. To every appeal to faith and hope this "genius without a portfolio" wearily answers: "I do not know." There is tragedy in his life, the consciousness of utter failure. In one woman lay his happiness; "there it pattered in fur boots across the snow," but after a time came the silence of loneliness. In the depths of shadow he reaches out for the one dearer than the world, and yet reaches, knowing he will never find. The greatest pessimists, when fate takes something out of their lives, call out just as bitterly as the rest. So he wraps his sorrow about him, and, like the old Greek chorus, stalks across the stage, crying: "Woe! Woe!"

In its simple beauty, womanly strength and purity, the character of Aniela stands out, Beatrice-like, in contrast to his. Her dogmatism saves him. He catches a glimpse of the pure world to which she belongs, and amid the crumbling of his old, sordid ideals, and with the humility of new enlightenment, he exclaims: "On the altar of my Greek temple there is a marble goddess, but my Gothic shrine is empty. Our souls are full of Gothic arches shooting upward; the Greeks rested on the earth. Aspasia must have the eyes of Dante's Beatrice." And at the last the man who used to dissect and subtilize his life away, compresses the tragedy of his new life into those four short aching words: "Aniela died this morning."

"Children of the Soil," the last translated of Sienkiewicz's works, touches in a supremely realistic way the ironies of modern Polish life. It is probably the very

presence of this life-like quality that constrains Mr. Howells, chary of praise as he is, to call it a great novel, comparable only with the great fictions of literature. We are now a long way from the glad, free note of the romances, but the genius that made them great and true shows itself, likewise, in the unfolding of this grim comedy in which some are deceiving others, and others are deceiving themselves. The subtlety of his analysis is wonderful, and the lights and shades of character are delineated by slight but always telling strokes. We no longer marvel at the greatness of the trilogy in view of this development of modern character; the same fine thread of naturalness runs through it all. The questions with which it deals involve the reader, as well as the personages of the drama, a vital requisite of any great work. The thought of Pan Stanislas over Litka's grave: "Mercy, empyrean light, eternity, meeting, but what in reality? The corpse of a child in the grave, and a mother wailing from pain," and his own attempt to gather up the fragments of his old life and belief, and begin, with tears, to build anew, have eternal, universal import. One feels in the author a force, as faithful and moving as that of his great Slavonic contemporary, Tolstoi, whom many esteem the greatest living novelist. Both are characterized by the same patient sympathy and discernment, but Sienkiewicz is free from the obtrusive ethical quality which the other sometimes lugs in by the ears. Tolstoi preaches flagrantly; he becomes impatient of his office of artist and assumes that of teacher, thereby robbing himself of half his strength. Whatever of didacticism there is in Sienkiewicz is purely that of life itself, powerful but unconscious. He has learned the far-reaching truth that most men can be moved only by a realization of themselves in others.

Here, then, is the great miracle of his genius: the union of dramatic power, a responsive, æsthetic sense, and an intense, vital realism; not the realism of the gutter or the morgue, but the realism of the earth and sky and healthy human nature. It would really seem that

Henryk Sienkiewicz has answered a question that has much puzzled the critical intellect of this age. One school of thought cries out: "Let us have life as it is! Let the final test of all literary work be: 'Is it real and true?'" The romanticist, on the contrary, holds much of this realism in utter disdain. To him it is "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable," and his painter spirit rebels at such photographic exactness. He believes that beauty has something to do with literature, and that here, as elsewhere, holds true the law of natural selection and the survival of the fittest. Neither of these views has fathomed the possibilities of fiction, since the aim of the novelist is to depict life, and life is neither all romance nor all realism, but a blending of the two. The hero of "Without Dogma" comments on the readiness with which horrible, evil thoughts creep in upon the purest, most idyllic aspiration, and remembers that Goethe says of men: "Ye shall be like to gods and beasts." Into this dark mystery of human life and consciousness these little lights of literary creed can penetrate but feebly, yet from their blending much may come. Just here lies the value of the novels of Sienkiewicz. He has written them so as to satisfy the most exacting realist, but he has written them also in a broadly human way. His genius is analytic, but imaginative and constructive as well.

Homer, Shakespere, Goethe and the realists have all helped make him, and yet he is never merely a copyist, but always true to his own tremendous personality. The real secret of his power is that he penetrates beneath the surface, where most novelists find their level, and touches the deep passions of the human soul. Love, patriotism and religion; these will always be dominant motives.

"Here ends this series of books, written in the course of a number of years, and with no little toil, for the strengthening of hearts." "For the strengthening of hearts." These last noble words reveal that devotion which is at once the motive and the glory of Sienkiewicz's works.



## THE AURORA.

In the frozen North, where half the year  
Is ruled by continuous night,  
There gleams a splendour beyond all ken ;  
Now too keen for the eyes of men,  
And now a nebulous light.

Frozen and fettered the streamers rise,  
In an ordered and ominous row.  
The moon in winter is not more chill,  
Nor steel more hard, nor death more still,  
Than the Monarch who holds them so.

But see ! they leap in fierce revolt,  
And struggle, and rage, and strain ;  
The luminous streamers writhe and bound,  
And wound the air with a voiceless sound  
As they tug at their icy chain.

But vain is the effort, and soon they rise  
In a ghastly, radiant ring.  
Their bonds are firm, and they may not forth,  
For the souls of men who have died in the North,  
Are thrall to the Frozen King !

*Huntington Mason.*

## TWELFTH CENTURY SONGS.

**I**N the dustiest corner of an old library there is a brown book. You must take a ladder to reach it, and when you have climbed quite up to the high shelf and found it, you will see that its edges are torn and the leaves stained with yellow. Nevertheless, if any one doubts that in olden times men and things were far different from now, he may blow the dust from the book and learn the contrary easily enough. For in those days, far back in the Middle Ages, there were fine fellows who went through the world as Heine said of the gay Frenchmen, "laughing and singing," and it were better then to live and love and fight for glory a single year, than to live ten now in this prosy world, where romance is as weak as Tom Thumb's finger.

You may learn from this book strange things about the Middle Ages. The period which followed the Crusades had little of strong thinking in it, and men were superficial. As for ambition, it was sadly lacking or else as foolish as a man who counts the stars. But the ambition of the medieval Latin students who wrote the songs in the book was unusual. Just after the Crusades they became an order and held that they had been sacredly commissioned to go out into the world and see men, to watch their hearts and teach the happiness of a glad spirit; and they told them too, that if "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," a slip is a small matter. With Goliath for a patron saint they wandered from place to place and whether they fulfilled their purpose or no their songs comprise a literature which is unique and contradictory to some general ideas about their period.

Nothing could be harder than to say who wrote the songs; none know, although it is plain that they are not the work of one man. I think if it were so we should have known his name long since, and the freshness and beauty of the Latin student songs would have found a better tribute than the centuries have given, though Mr. Spriggles will give you another opinion.

Ah, but who is Spriggles? Hist! you know him. He is that stern old fellow with a long face, an avowed bread-and-butter Puritan, a rank pessimist who talks of happiness in a way that makes you quite certain that he never had a bit of it.

He knows nothing of song or romance, and if you should tell him of the medieval Latin students, and their fine songs and rollicking ways,—ah, me! how he would pity you. For songs of love and wine are parlous things, and the more you might praise them, the more would he look at you in horror, and pity you. Poor Mr. Spriggles! You are a very one-sided person.

A round table and a pot of ale! Over there in the corner hangs a picture. Some one from a table is blowing a cloud of blue smoke and it makes a haze that dims the eye a little. There is a girl, she holds a bunch of flowers and is looking down. A youth is near and he looks at her earnestly, but the expression in the eyes—you cannot see that. It may be happiness or entreaty or regret, but you cannot quite see. Ah, but would you? Not for the world. Your elbow rests on the table and you gaze dreamily at the picture that has just enough hazy mystery about it to make the thing unspeakably sweeter and the drifting fancy more delightful. And, be it heresy or not, when the fancy goes tripping back to the twelfth century, facts lose their prestige. If over the picture Time doesn't spin a few cobwebs and draw a mysterious, hazy mist, why, you are like a man who walks in his sleep a little way, and bumps against something which brings him unpleasantly back to a sordid reality.

"We in our wandering  
Blithesome and squandering."

How could anyone be at odds with happiness in sunny Italy? To be sure, all men have sorrows and bursted bubbles are sad themes for pondering. Think of a sleek troubadour singing for hours to a closed lattice, or sitting disconsolately by the road on a milestone while his heartless flame rode by with another. There he sits, hopeless, and his rival is prouder than Seth Willard's peacock on a dry morning. Lack-a-day, it is dreadful enough.

But Italy, Italy five and six hundred years ago! You made some difference in men's dispositions. These sad things were quite as well known to the Latin students as to us, but they cared not a whit. "Blithesome and squandering" through the world they went, now up, now down, now here and now there, but ever happy-go-lucky. Rain or shine, they took it as it came. Now and again one would find, like every well-balanced fellow, that a pair of eyes were haunting him, but well or ill, it made small difference with his happiness.

Nevertheless, let no one believe that they were never serious. They had virtues, as this brown book will tell you, and I oppose Mr. Spriggles strenuously when he stamps their order as an index of nothing but shallowness and frivolity. They had other things in their mind than a mere appreciation of sunshine and nature. "New face, new fancy," was common enough, but constancy was none the less sought. Else why should a poor swain be singing to his absent mistress,—

"In faith love me wholly,  
Mark the faith of me."

Mr. Spriggles, here is something for you to answer. Here is a real sentiment from these very songs that is worth studying.

The task will show you that the early Renaissance in Italy had more of depth and strength to it than is imagined now, and these wandering student songs teem with the first spirit of that Renaissance. Though it had not yet widened enough for the proper appreciation of these lyrics, though they were destined to die amid the greater efforts of awakening culture, the clearness with which they outline the influence of a restored classical interest is none the less surprising.

Wonderfully they sang of spring; and if blithe May could but know how many centuries have sung her praises, what a spoiled child she would be.

"Our delightful month of May" was as dear to this wandering band as to Richard Barnefield. Perhaps he knew of these songs when he wrote and told of the "merry month of May," but I for one plead his ignorance.

Their feelings were his, his are ours, and alas, for the man who is not a whit moved in May, when chanticleer wakes you in the morning to a blue sky with only one white cloud set overhead, like a jewel bound upon a lady's brow ; when,

"Earth hath donned her purple vest,  
Fields with laughing flowers are dressed."

Perhaps they sang others of their fine songs, of love, of wine, and a glad spirit, when night drew them to an inn or cloister. Perhaps they sang some pastoral or a song of things that are, both in nature and our musing. Ah, me, I wonder if they were always appreciated !

At any rate with songs like these it is easy to show melancholy to the door and profit well, and so I say *Carpe Diem*, the brown book is on the high shelf. There they lie, pastorals and lyrics, songs tingling with love and romance. You could see it surely, but just think of Mr. Spriggles and all the other Mr. Spriggleses—they cannot. Lauriger Horatius ! the state and abandon is still there and does not move them.

But to us the romance of the olden times comes dreamily back, like siren-singing faintly heard through olive-groves and over misty seas.

*Robert L. Munger.*

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### MATER DOLOROSA.

His Mother, Our Lady of Sorrows,  
Stood alone on Calvary's hill,  
Three crosses reeled against the sky  
And all the world was still.

They came to Our Lady of Sorrows,  
Came gently to lead her away,  
But she set her face towards that cross on high  
And watched thro' the fearful day.

Then they said, "Dear Lady of Sorrows,  
Still thine anguish and raise thine head,  
For a Prince has come to His Father's home !"  
But she answered, "My Son is dead."

*Charles Edward Thomas.*

## NO HERO.

## I.

THE establishment of a "Keeley Gold Cure for Alcoholism" at Fayette had been looked on by the staid and temperate inhabitants with marked disapproval.

"They bring no good with 'em, I warrant ye," remarked one of the old residents on the post office steps as he surveyed the men issuing from the dilapidated hotel used as a "Sanitarium" during the summer months. "Some in rags, some in tags, and some in velvet gowns," or at least the remnants of cast-off finery, with faces drawn or bloated by hard drinking, the patients at the "Cure" flowed like a muddy stream in the bright sunshine past the neat white houses of the village to be "shot" by the physician at the office. That is, to bare the arm and receive an injection of gold under the skin in order to become men again. Looks of disgust followed from windows. They were things unclean, and the men knew it, and it elicited a miserable braggadocio displayed in the loud laughter, singing and affected swagger of respectability.

Although the line straggled in an orderless way, yet decidedly apart from it followed three, perhaps the most repulsive of all. The hair of two of the men was touched with gray, but the one in the middle was young and strongly built. The face, however, lined with dissipation, was hopelessly brutalized, and save an occasional gleam the light of youth had died. Defiantly they marched arm in arm singing

"Rinky dinky, rinky dink,  
Stand him up for another drink,"

but, turning the corner, the boy was silent and his weak eyes ran furtively along the lower windows of the houses. It was the third, and for an instant he felt that the young girl who stood at the window, gazing with scornful lips on the wretched line, looked straight into his eyes. Then the curtain dropped and the blood rushed from his face.

"Good looker, ain't she, Jim?" said one of the men at his side. "Guess she thinks we're tough, eh?" The boy made no reply, but with a pitiable effort threw back his head and drew the soiled top-coat together over his flannel shirt, feeling for the button that was not there. Then, raising a shout, he locked a tighter hold on the men's arms and the three charged violently into the crowd, drove them into gutter and fence and continued triumphantly in the van.

"Dey're bad nuts, 'Soak' and Meyers is," said one of the unfortunates, picking himself up, "an' dey'll run dat kid wrong."

"Say, 'Soak,'" asked Jim shortly, "who's de proud bloke runnin' agin us? I ain't seen him much 'cept Sundays."

"Him with the straw hat? Why, that's Avery. He's firin' on '83,' as draws the 'Mail' up from South Fork Junction every night." At mention of the "Mail," Meyers, who was walking moodily silent, gave "Soak" a warning look, and frowned. One of "Soak's" eyelids dropped a moment, and then he continued: "Dude fireman he is; guess he thinks he'll pull a throttle next year."

There had been a time when Jim, too, had hoped to "pull a throttle." Two years before he had been a fireman, and that, too, on a "passenger." So he gazed wistfully on the clean-faced man who passed, and forgot to say "Ah, there!" with the others. "Avery's goin' to see his gal, the beaut we saw at the window; remember, Jim? Billy Peters says she's up at the depot every night when he goes through. They'll be gettin' married soon."

They were in front of the Office now, and the big gold letters of "The Keeley Gold Cure for Alcoholism" danced and swam, and only the arms through his kept Jim from falling.

"What's your trouble, Kid?" asked "Soak." "It always gives me the queers to go in dis place," said Jim feebly. Meyers looked sharply at him and grunted something.

As a rule Jim hung about the station of afternoons, watching the switch-engine busy on the siding and hear-



ing sweet music in the bumping and coupling of the cars. To-day, however, he could not bring himself to go near the railroad, but wandered aimlessly around the village trying in a blind, miserable way to put together the parts of a shattered dream. And yet, that night before the "Mail" came in, a dark figure stood in the shadow of the depot, and the light from the window near by shone on a girl seated in a light buggy at the side of the platform. Her head was bent as if listening, but the night was still, save for the steaming engine of the freight that awaited the "Mail" on the siding. Then sounded faintly in the distance the soft chime whistle of the "Mail." The girl dropped the reins and turned her face, all expectant, to the light. Again those eyes he had seen at the window were looking into his, but they were wide and love-lit now.

"Oh—," Jim stifled an inarticulate groan and his heart thumped hard.

At the long whistle for the station the girl got hastily from the wagon, but in doing so, the whip was brushed from its socket and fell beside the wheel. Jim stepped forward quickly to reach for it, but as he came into the light the girl turned, started, and cried sharply, "Don't *you* touch it!" She leaped lightly down, replaced the whip and vanished around the side of the waiting room. Jim put his hand to his face as tho' the whip lash had been drawn across it. "Don't *you* touch it!" he repeated stupidly, and then the "Mail" roared around the curve and the flooding headlight blinded him. "He's seein' her now," he whispered, as he hurried down the broad walk to the village. "What's the use, I ain't like him. I'm jes' a bum, nothin' but a bum." He turned off suddenly at a path leading to the river, and stood for a moment on the bank watching the gleam from a light beyond waver across the water. "Why can't I?" he asked himself. "'Taint hard, an' it's quick." He took a step forward, and then halted with a sickly laugh. "I ain't got the nerve," he said. "I could do it with whiskey. I can do mos' anything with boose. If only de gold wouldn't make me sick, den I

could drink." He turned and walked rapidly toward the "Sanitarium."

## II.

"No, sir, they don't know what train wreckin' is in this place. 'Soak' and me've been cookin' this up for weeks, and we're goin' out now to get things ready." It was Meyers that spoke, in a low tone but sharply. He stood leaning over the shaky table, his small eyes fixed cunningly on Jim, seated with his head in his hands staring at the smoky lamp that dimly lighted their rough quarters. "Soak" was leaning against the wall pulling hard at a short pipe and watching the two at the table. "Now what ye know, ye know," Meyers went on, "an' ye've sworn not to squeal. That's clear, ain't it?"

"Yes, dat's right. I'm wid you," replied Jim, without raising his head.

"Well, then, to-morrow night '83' dumps in the ditch. I guess you won't mind seeing that purty Avery tumbled out of his cab, eh, Kid?"

"Eighty-three!" cried Jim, with a startled look at Meyers. "Dat ain't the train you said. She runs down—"

"Less noise here," roughly from Meyers. "Ye see 'Soak' an' me was savin' a surprise fur ye when we said the other train. 'Eighty-three' pulls the express car to-morrow night, and that's what we want. There's three of us; each gets a third of the haul and lights out. I saw ye lookin' at the girl, Kid; I ain't blind. An' ye ought to be dam' glad to do the feller dirty. But if ye've got any sentimental notions," and Meyers drew close to the boy, who dropped his eyes, terrified at the other's expression; "if ye've got any sentimentals, ye want to quit 'em, see? 'Cause ye swore, and if ye'd peach—ye see the gun." Meyers gently stroked the little Derringer which he had drawn from his pocket. "Ye'd never get out alive!"

"I ain't peached," cried Jim, starting up in fright, "an' I ain't goin' to, only put that away. You're right," with a low chuckle. "O' course I'd like to see him tumble out

o' his cab. Ha, ha, are you onto me too, 'Soak?' " walking over to the man by the wall. "Meyers is sharp, ain't he? Gee! we'll be three rich bums." His face twitched nervously.

"Go to bed, Kid," said "Soak," "you're gettin' wild. Meyers an' me are goin' out now. Hurry, Mick," to Meyers, "it's an all-night job and its near 'leven now." Meyers made no reply, but drew from under his bed a crow-bar and sledge. "I told you we didn't dare tell him the real game till he'd sworn," said Meyers, when they were in the street. "He'd think for the girl. I knew it. But he won't squeal. The gun scared him."

Jim paced up and down the narrow room for an hour. His eyes were burning and something kept thumping in his head. "Oh, what'd I go in it fur?" he cried; "it'll kill her. They'll be goin' forty mile an hour when they strike, an' they'll bring him back wid a sheet over him, an' it will kill her." He drew off his shoes, blew out the light and sat on the bed, staring at the dim square of window. "But I ain't doin' it," he argued. "I'm jes' waitin' with the horses. An' it'll kill her. Oh! I can't peach; I can't. Meyers would kill me!" Jim threw himself back on the bed and twisted the rough blanket in his fingers. "If I can jes' get some booze in me," he murmured.

About daybreak the men returned without the implements and found Jim in an uneasy sleep. "Let him be," said "Soak." "He'll need it." And Jim was not "shot" that morning. He woke about noon and staggered out, dazed with the horrid recollection of what the coming night would mean. "I can't peach," he muttered over and over to himself as he walked thro' the village, stopping once in a saloon, for he was resolved to drink come what might. "There ain't no gold in me to-day," he argued. "Maybe I can hold it. Sumpin'll turn up if I'm drunk. Now, I hain't got no nerve."

With a flat bottle in the inside pocket of his coat, Jim returned to the "Sanitarium" by a round-about way, for he dared not pass the third house on a certain street. Here Meyers gave final instructions: "Soak" and he

would slip out at six o'clock to the place decided on for the wrecking, a line of bushes skirting the railroad some eight miles below the town. Here they would conceal themselves, and when the north bound "local" had passed would loosen the rails. Jim was to drive out at sundown with a team, station himself on the River Road half mile below them, and await their coming. "Wait; you know what that means." Jim quailed and hugged his bottle tighter.

The men were gone, and Jim sat watching the great red ball sink relentlessly nearer the distant line of blue hills.

### III.

The River Road stretched along in dim outline under the summer night, and Jim, without coat or hat, was half running, half reeling, toward Fayette.

"Must be near there," he panted; "ain't nine yet—can't be yet. Whiskey's workin', too. Don't know how I did it, but I got her down and I'm man now. I kin drive'n engine. I guess I kin do it. 'Soak' 'll be s'prised. Fool 'em both, I will. Tain't peachin'—tain't peachin' though. I lef' th' wagon waitin' fur 'em. I ain't waitin'—got an idea—great—I knew the booze'd do it. It's makin' me run and everything. God, whash that!" and a shrill whistle cut the stillness. "Not the 'Mail,' no, no, no!" he shrieked and stumbled into a run with his hands on his ears. Then he stopped suddenly. "Ye fool, it's the 'local.' Got time yet." But still he plunged on, hearing in every sigh of the trees and chirping of the crickets that distant crossing whistle of the "Mail." The street lights shone in great blurs as he passed through the village and staggered along the board walk to the station. The girl was seated in the buggy as usual by the platform, and when Jim saw her all grew black for a moment, and he groped to a tree for support. "Waitin' for him," he whispered. Then, indeed, the "Mail" was blowing, and with a start Jim lurched into the dark below the depot, crossed the track, and steadied himself in the

shadow of the big freight engine that hissed and steamed on the siding. The "mixed" freight ran ahead of the "Mail" every night to Fayette and waited there to pass.

Flinging the perspiration from his eyes, Jim looked up at the huge boiler, patted the strong drivers and whispered, "me and you, old hoss, we'll do it. We'll fool 'em. But," he added, "I ain't no hero; it's the booze." He stepped back on shaky tiptoe and peered into the cab—empty. "Ish 'll right," he whispered, "but why don't they come? I got my nerve now." Then the tracks began to rattle, and the "Mail" rounded the curve, and with singing air-brakes stopped beside the freight.

"Now fur 'em!" he cried; "they can't see me," and stepping behind the tender he uncoupled with a steady hand. "Kin I do it?" He stood before the cab and stretched out a clenched fist. And from the other side of the cars came a girl's light laugh. "Laugh," shouted Jim, "laugh," and he stumbled up into the cab. The touch of the lever thrilled through him as he gently drew it open, and with a fierce snort the "freighter" quivered and sprang forward. She passed "83" and glided upon the main track, in the glare of the other's electric headlight. Throwing the throttle wide open, Jim leaped upon the tender and gave one mighty yell that was answered by a cry of consternation from those on the platform, as they saw what seemed a phantom engine disappearing in the dark. "Who is the lunatic?" growled the engineer of "83." Now we are blocked till they've sided him somewhere."

Jim busied himself with a wild joy in the cab. Clang! The boiler door flew open with the clatter he loved of old, and shovel after shovelful of coal was piled up in the red furnace. "Let her out, old hoss," he shouted, as the cab swayed and trembled, and the rushing mass ahead ate up the lines of gleaming rails. Faster and faster, while Jim shouted and sang madly: "It's a doin' it! I got my nerve. I'm drunk, drunk, drunk.

"Rinky dinky, rinky dink,  
Stand him up for another drink!"

And the wind whistling thro' the open window tossed the hair free from his face. "Now," he cried, with his eyes fastened on the track, "seventy miles an hour when she strikes—now!" A black gap in the streaming ribbons, and the big "freighter" shot into the air. But in that instant, before she buried herself in the ditch, there rang one yell of triumph—a voice that two men knew who lay in the field behind the bushes, and they turned and dumbly stared in each other's faces.

*Charles B. DeCamp.*

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### CRADLE SONG.

Soft blue eyes and curly head,  
Even elves are gone to bed,  
And the sand-man tip-toes down  
Starry steps of dreamy-town,  
He can catch you if he tries,  
Curly head and soft blue eyes.

Sombre night with spectral pall  
Sinks upon the ivied wall,  
Day hath found her western grave,  
Shadowy branches weirdly wave,  
Deep beyond the drowsy rill  
Sings the lonesome whip-poor-will.

Pealing, pealing, chimes come stealing  
Through the air with slumber-feeling,  
'Tis some fairy twilight lyre,  
'Tis the vesper in the spire,  
'Tis the music stealing down  
Star-steps of Oblivion-town.

*Robert L. Munger.*

## LA CHÉRIE.

SCHVENSKY was a great violinist ; but nobody knew it, not even Schvensky himself. The customers of the cafés along the Rue du Rhône and the Grand Quai du Lac often cut short their idle gossip or laid aside their newspapers for a few minutes to watch the diminutive little man perched upon the high curbstone and to listen to his quaint tunes ; and the habitués grew quite fond of him. They laughed at his comical gestures and poses, at his great, loose-jointed hands and at his enormous shock of yellow hair ; but the sight of his shabby clothes and plain, pinched face filled them with sympathy and pity. They enjoyed his playing and came to regard it as an indispensable feature of their daily half-hour of idleness over their wine ; they sometimes even said that he played very well—for the street. But if you had told them that Michel Schvensky was the finest musician in all Europe, I am sure they would have laughed at the absurdity of such an idea ; and Schvensky would have laughed too. Other great violinists rose out of like poverty and obscurity to unbounded fame and the applause of two continents, but Schvensky lived on in the poor quarter of Geneva unknown and unnoticed by the outside world, and passed around his hat for ten centime pieces at the cafés along the Carratorie and the Rue du Rhône. And yet the strains of music that sometimes late at night floated out over the sleeping city from the top story of No. 37 Rue des Blanchiseuses were sublimer and sweeter than those which burst forth from the platform of the Opéra at Paris and made eager thousands wild with enthusiasm and delight.

Michel Schvensky was a rolling stone, had been a rolling stone at least half the thirty years of his life. He had always been poor and he had always been contented to be poor—since he had found his violin ; and when money did come his way it soon disappeared. There were so many people in the neighborhood of the Rue des Blanchiseuses



that were much worse off than he, and Schvensky was such a compassionate little fellow, that he always hastened to exchange his unwonted riches for an infinite amount of such coin as "Merci beaucoup, Schvensky" and "Dieu vous garde, Michel," and was soon as destitute and happy as ever. For himself he took no more thought than the fowls of the air or the lilies of the field; and yet he got along somehow, and was the pet and darling of the whole Quartier. The children adored him. He seldom had a loose half franc in his pocket to buy cakes and buns with, but he played numberless little tunes for them, light and airy and blithesome; and they liked that almost as well, and always greeted "Monsieur Violin" with shouts of delight.

The fathers and mothers were equally fond of Michel, but his kindness to their little ones was not their only cause for devotion. Schvensky hated to be praised and made much of, and seemed so embarrassed when anyone thanked him for something he had done, that his neighbors got out of the way of recounting his good deeds in his presence; but they knew the man he was and worshipped him accordingly. Unconsciously he stood before them almost in the light of a patron saint or a guardian angel: he and his violin together, of course; for what was Schvensky without the violin? He did not like to look back to the days when he had lived alone without *her*; they seemed an abyss of darkness and misery in comparison with his present existence.

Late one September afternoon, when the days were shortening fast and La Bise blew raw down the frowning lake and whirled the brown dried leaves through the streets, Schvensky was playing as usual before the Café Planchard in the Rue du Rhône. It was growing chill, and the little tables along the sidewalk were for the most part unoccupied. In a corner sheltered by the awning were two men sitting together over a bottle of sauterne; one was Van Blentz, the great violinist and the leader of the famous orchestra which bore his name, the other was his English manager Stevenson. They had been taking

a month's outing at St. Moritz and were on their way to Paris to arrange for the opening season. They were planning about it now; and Schvensky was halfway through his piece before they began to listen. The Little Man's fingers were cold and he played poorly to-night, but the Great Man's mind was busy with other thoughts. He dropped a couple of francs into the battered hat that the musician passed around presently, and managed to fall into conversation with him about his violin. Michel held up his instrument with great pride, and when asked where he got it told his story simply and briefly and with many shrugs of the shoulders. Van Blentz examined the violin critically in the uncertain twilight. He rather liked the tone, he said, not that it was anything remarkable of course, but still, if Schvensky cared to part with it—the other stood aghast. “Ah, *impossible*, Monsieur, *impossible*. Think Monsieur, it is everything I have, everything.” The Great Man laughed a little testily, and telling Schvensky where he might find him in case he should change his mind, walked away with his friend towards their hotel.

Van Blentz kept his self-control until they had turned the first corner; then he gave a wild yell of joy, vaulted over two vacant beer tables in front of a café, and upset three chairs. Van Blentz was fifty-six years old and had grizzled hair, as you know.

“The violin, the violin,” he began to explain when he had somewhat recovered himself. “Donnerwetter! What an idiot you are, Steventzon! Have you forgotten my Guenarius that was stolen from us in the Lowlands eight years ago? I could tell it anywhere. And the fellow's story fitted it perfectly; I know I can prove the instrument mine. Monsieur Schvensky could not part mit it, eh? Steventzon, we will have all the evidence together in a week, and then we shall see once. Ah, but I shall be glad to get that violin again already.”

Ten days later Schvensky was astonished by the receipt of a letter; it was an unusual event in his life. And this one proved to be an official document, an order for him,

Michel Schvensky, to appear in court at eleven the next morning with his violin, for reasons then to be made known, et cetera, et cetera. The paper dropped from Schvensky's trembling fingers. "Me? *Mais oui*, I am a bad man, I will go. But the violin, why the violin?"

The case went against Schvensky. Van Blentz had his evidence carefully arranged and sifted; his witnesses spoke concisely and to the point; the papers he brought forward were conclusive. The violin was undoubtedly his; Schvensky had not the slightest chance from the start. The whole thing was decided in less than an hour; Van Blentz was to have the violin; Schvensky was to have three hundred francs, inasmuch as he had obtained the instrument honestly. But his heart was broken. He would not touch the money; the violin was worth more than money to him. It was all he had, all he had ever cared for, all he could ever care for. "Let me take it home then, Messieurs, and say it adieu to-day and to-night at nine you shall send for it and I will give it up and that will be all. Only let me do this," Schvensky implored with tears in his eyes, "and this shall be all I will ask. I want nothing more."

It was a simple request and his opponent readily acquiesced in it. Schvensky trudged away mournfully to his lodgings in the company of a stolid gendarme, who was to watch over him and at nine bring away the violin to Van Blentz's hotel. The habitués of the cafés of the Grand Quai missed their Schvensky that day; but the people of the Rue des Blanchisseuses heard music such as they had never heard before. All the afternoon Michel played for them, in the shops where the men were working, in the houses, in the street. The whole Quartier listened in silence and sorrow.

At half-past eight that night Van Blentz and his manager left their hotel and entered the network of narrow streets that climb the hill towards the Cathedral. The Great Man had been haunted all day by a homely face and a pair of brown eyes that were sympathetic and trustful like a dog's, and had set out with his friend this

evening in the hope that Schvensky might be persuaded to take the money after all.

They found the Rue des Blanchiseuses after some difficulty and stopped before No. 37. Nearly the whole Quartier looked out frowningly from the surrounding windows upon the two men. The woman who opened the door was sullen and almost savage in her reception of them and left them to grope their way up the dark stairs alone. They stumbled ill-naturedly to the third story, where the guard was dozing, and then crept noiselessly up the last flight. Schvensky was playing; at times the strains of the instrument fell to an almost inaudible whisper, and at times rose to a cry that filled the house. Stevenson and his companion had heard it more than once as they climbed the steps, and instinctively stopped to listen.

Now they were pausing in the silence and darkness without the doorway of Schvensky's dilapidated old garret. Michel was standing at the farther end of the room. The flickering light of a candle on a broken table near by made a grotesque shadow of him on the opposite wall and fell strangely upon his wild, rugged features and queer little figure. He was bidding the violin a last goodbye, in tones soft and low. The bow wandered across the strings in wavering tremoloes of parting and regret, travelled down among the lower tones in exquisite chords of comfort and affection, and swept over the whole range in a burst of tearful farewell. A sad little half-tune kept repeating itself over and over again, as if the violin had something very important to tell Schvensky and whispered it continually in his ear.

"Adieu, adieu, Schvensky," it seemed to be saying, "I must go now. Bear up and be a brave fellow, Schvensky, be a brave fellow. It will turn out right somehow. Adieu, Michel, adieu."

Schvensky had forgotten it had struck nine long ago and was close upon the half hour, had forgotten everything, everything but the violin and that he would never see it or hear it again.

It is the first night of the Paris season, and Van Blentz's great orchestra have just finished their second number, The leader bows and smiles good-naturedly at the wild enthusiasm of the immense audience; but the applause is not meant for him, and he knows it. By his side stands a diminutive little man with a huge shock of yellow hair and a plain homely face, fidgeting and blushing like a boy, and staring blankly at the storm he has unwittingly created. He seems to enjoy the cheering and the flowers immensely, but not for himself. For his head drops forward over his shirt-front and he caresses his violin lovingly with his bony fingers, as much as to say: "*Eh bien, ma Chérie*, what do you think of this? It is *you* they are encoring you know, and not me; ah yes, you, *ma Chérie*, not Schvensky."

*Herbert Draper Gallaudet.*

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## EXHORTATION.

She stands amid the daisies  
Shining white beneath the sun,  
Blowing, rippling, wanton as her hair.  
And the glancing of her eyes  
Laughs in sunshine as it flies,  
Whisper winds! My love is fair.

By chance, she comes at morning  
Where the maples shade a path,  
Birds are piping, scolding, "Have a care!"  
Though in stateliness disdain  
Lo! a primrose—is she feigning?  
Foolish birds! My love is fair.

The breakers toss the moonlight  
Far adown the gleaming sands;  
Steely clouds are scudding over, where  
In two fearless love-lit eyes  
Swims a look that speech defies,  
Shout it sea! My love is fair.

*C. B. DeCamp.*

## JUNGLE AND PLANTATION LORE.

ONCE upon a time, away back at the dawn of humanity, there was a kingdom that reached around the green earth. Its subjects lived in the tangled jungles, in the forests and fields; they had many laws to govern them, but the greatest was that they should live in peace and good-fellowship with each other. These old laws said they were all of one blood; so they would sleep, the fawn with the wolf-cub, the man-child among the cobras. Often, just before the rest-hours began, they would come to the drinking-places and tell of what they had learned on the hills and plains, of the wonderful things they had seen and done, and so there grew up among them strange stories of their sayings and doings.

But the old life began to decline long ago, when fear and hate came. To-day there are bugle calls in the early morning, the yelping of eager hounds and then off for a long gallop, following Brer Fox over the hills and down through wooded valleys. Or if the quarry hide in the jungle, there are the cries of beaters moving unseen among the grasses; a few puffs of blue smoke under the peepul trees and at evening Shere Khan, the tiger, is carried home stretched on the back of a swinging elephant. But the stories of those past days have not been forgotten; often you may see a Hindu or a negro telling them to a small group of listeners when the day's work is through. They might never have gone beyond the plantation or jungle borders if Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Harris had not overheard the story-tellers, and set down what they said of that old language by which men and beasts were once made familiar friends.

The negro Mr. Harris calls Uncle Remus, and the Hindu who has spoken in the "Jungle Books" you may name as you please. Uncle Remus will tell you of the inhabitants of the woods, how they live in a community too well-bred to be called game, how crafty and full of cunning they are. He will tell of their friendships and

their fallings out. Just as with other people there are the light-hearted and the sad, the foolish and the wise, the Brer Rabbits, the Brer Foxes and all the other good "Breren" who live in the under-brush and briar patches.

One could easily believe that these creatures had passed some part of their lives as plantation negroes. And that is how Mr. Harris and Mr. Kipling have given beauty and vigor to the legends. Uncle Remus' "friends" are filled with that spirit which comes from the land of the hoe-cake and cotton fields; the prowlers of the eastern forests think and feel, and are the same as the people who live on the borders of their jungle. What is Brer Rabbit but a clever darkie, humorously lazy? He has no ambition except to have an easy life and to dupe Brer Fox. He and his friends make all the wood a merry plantation; it only lacks the strumming of the banjo and the quaint old melodies that float on the evening air.

The Hindu has always looked upon the jungle with feelings of mystery and reverence. In his villages he hears the noises of the sultry night—the clicking of the bamboos as something rushes through them and the low trumpetings in the distance. He knows the stories his fathers before him have told; how the jungle folk met in councils; how they were divided into sects, and Hathi, the elephant, was made master of them all. He can tell how fear came among them and the vines and creepers dropped down in anger to mark Shere Khan with stripes. Like the Hindu, Mr. Kipling has given these animals the thoughts and feelings of that passionate eastern people. He will tell you of the old philosophers, Baloo, the bear, and Bagheera, the panther, who knew why the spring flowers came, and of the Bandar-log, the chattering monkey folk, who pass without purpose over their tree-highways. Some of the oldest of these people still remember Mowgli, the man-cub, and often they recall how he fell among the wolf-pack and was brought up by them; how they taught him the laws of the jungle and the master-word that made him brother to all; nor have they yet forgotten how he grew up to be loved and at that last



spring-running left them because they would not hearken to his commands.

All these things happened in the weird shades of the jungle when "the air was full of all the night noises that, taken together, make one big silence." Something long and wriggling moves quickly across the pool, making light spray of the moonlit water; that is Kaa, the python, taking his evening bath. An antlered head bends slowly down to the shining surface, faintly splashing the water drops from the lily pads; the bushes rustle slightly, there is a spring and with a long whistle the antlers are pulled down and dragged back into the darkness.

But Uncle Remus' stories a mother might tell, putting her child to sleep, they are so homely and simple. Homeliness is a delightful quality in art—it is so flexible and easy-going. It excludes adornment and straight-lacing and its grace is therefore unhampered and natural. Whether consciously or not, Mr. Harris has made this the predominant spirit of his transcription; and it is only when he leaves this atmosphere and attempts a more elevated field, that he oversteps; the sources of his strength forsake him and his writing becomes commonplace and journalistic. Mr. Kipling, on the other hand, draws his stories from the legends of a mystery-loving people. He will carry you from the tropics to the polar regions; it is a short journey, and at a word from him you may be down among the wonders of the emerald depths or back to the Council Rock where Mowgli and his brothers are talking in the moonlight.

But for an evening of free-hearted enjoyment, one could scarcely do better than sit down for a while by Uncle Remus in his Georgia Cabin. You will follow with interest the exploits of Brer Rabbit as he ruthlessly imposes on all his neighbors. You will find it an extremely contagious kind of mirth when he holds his sides and falls "a laughin' fit ter kill hisself." In lieu of a silver spoon plantation negroes are born with laughter and music in their mouths; their heritage is a light heart that never can hold trouble long, and Mr. Harris has endowed Brer

Rabbit and his companions with one of the merriest things in the world, a ringing darkie laugh.

Uncle Remus never speaks of the deeper passions and emotions, but Mr. Kipling has given the "Jungle Books" a strain of pathos and tenderness which is perhaps the undertone of that eastern life. One scene after another will come back to you—the Brahmin girl too impatient to wait the ferry-cart when her lover calls across the ford. It may be she has forgotten that Mugger, the crocodile, guards the shallow waters. A small ripple laps against her hand. "Wait the ferry?" it seems to say; but you can see her thoughts are all across the river and she does not heed the warning till it is long too late.

"Foolish heart and faithful hand  
Little feet that touch no land;  
Far away the ripple sped,  
Ripple-ripple running red."

There are some things that fit only into certain periods of our lives, these we leave behind us for memories; some things start with us from the early stations on the way and stay the journey through. So it is with what the Negro and the Hindu have told us. At first we laughed in our high voices simply because it was all "so funny" as we said; we listened with big, staring eyes and bated breath to stories of wonder and terror. And then there came a time when the mirth and awe were just as irresistible, but back of them we could discern the artist's hand, and where before we had been terrified or had laughed thoughtlessly we could now enjoy and fully appreciate.

If you are somewhat sceptical you may question the truth of these stories. You may say, "How is this, Uncle Remus? Only yesterday I saw Brer Rabbit in the market but his head was hanging downward." The old man will look sullenly at you; the wrinkles will come in his forehead. He will tell you if you doubt him to ask Brer Fox or Brer Bear. Mowgli will answer your doubts in the same way. He is no longer living among the free

peoples, but you may find him on sunny days in the doorway of an old pagoda looking wistfully at the lazily swinging trees. "Man goes to man" he oftens murmurs. It was an old jungle saying and it recalls to him all his life reaching back to the first days among the wolf-pack. He sees again the many faces and scenes he has known, and then that last spring-running when he was desolate and he cried out those passionate words, "Messua! Messua!" as the night wind passed softly overhead.

*Frederick Tilney.*

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### NOTABILIA.

THE election of the Board of Editors from the Junior Class will be held in 194 Old Chapel on Monday evening, February twenty-fourth, at seven o'clock. The Board of Editors in office has the right to veto such elections as it deems distinctly unworthy.

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The Board of Editors announces the following elections to Chi Delta Theta from the Senior Class: Albert Sargent Davis of Cincinnati, Ohio; Emory Hawes of New York City; and Arthur Ripley Thompson of Hartford, Conn.

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The LIT. Medal has been awarded to Cornelius Porter Kitchel of East Liverpool, Ohio. The Board extends its thanks to Dr. C. S. Baldwin and Mr. H. A. Smith, who kindly consented to act as judges.

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## PORTFOLIO.

SONG.

YE 14 FEBRUARY

Melancholy, Melancholy,  
 Once upon a Time  
 When Stars looked a-shivering  
 On a drearie Clime,  
 You & I were deare Friends  
 In a dismal Clime,  
 Melancholy, Melancholy,  
 Once upon a Time.

February, howl away,  
 Valentines came true to-day.

Melancholy, Melancholy,  
 Sombre is ye Sky,  
 Boreas still is swirling  
 Victoriously by,  
 But I scorn thy black Dress  
 And my Heart is high,  
 Melancholy, Melancholy,  
 You know why.

February, howl away,  
 Valentines came true to-day.

*Robert L. Munger.*

—There's that hurdy-gurdy again, with its same old repertoire of uncertain chords and siren-like trills! The little Italian's industry is maddening. Your own grinding cannot compete with his. You open your book once more, but just then the chorus sweeps in with a six octave trill and you lean back in your chair, and—moralize; it is useless to do anything else.

*A POPULAR  
 SONG.*

How fresh and sweet the tune sounded the first time that you heard it in that dreary variety show; and then the music-loving sweeps and tailors' boys spread it broadcast through the college until the air fairly hummed with it. That was in the spring and somehow that chorus always brings back to your mind the Fence and those long May evenings of sweet-do-nothing, when you shouted so lustily and made believe it was singing.

Its popularity lasted over into the summer and it recalls now the fresh evening breeze and the quiet lapping of the waves against your boat—yes, ocean moonlight is the true “twilight of the Gods.” You remember how this same chorus drifted out from the pier with an enchantment that distance lent to even Bob’s atrocious tenor, and you hear again the clear soprano laughter that answered from your own boat as you sped out into the lonely bay.

You start from your day-dream full of benevolent feelings and try to find a nickel for the little Italian, but he has gone long ago. You can just hear the faint trill of a newer tune at the end of the street and you turn reluctantly back to work.

W. D. M.

—The express was already behind time, and the passengers grumbled loudly when it came to a jarring stop and stood in a cloud of dust on the sun-scorched prairie. *ON THE “LIMITED.”* It was the same old story of carelessness, but this time the engine had been very merciful to its victim. There was still a smile on the Swede girl’s face as the trainmen carried her into the baggage car and showed their sympathy by softly cursing her stupidity.

Minna’s parents stood in the doorway of their little frame cottage and wondered why the train was returning, and so slowly, too. When it stopped they ran out to the track, already weeping with swift intuition of trouble. There was no one to break the news gently in their own language and the trainmen carried the body into the cottage in almost guilty silence and left the little group of Swedes as soon as possible to their strange lamentations. Then the train sped away and the grumbling was started again, but in a curiously softer key, as if it were done to keep something else out of the mind. The little Swede, whom the villagers had sent to bring the Lutheran pastor from the city, looked out of the window in silence.

Not far beyond the place of the accident the train passed a young peasant working in the fields. He laughed and swung his cap, and his yellow hair waved in the wind like a bit of dancing sunshine. The little Swede turned away from the window. “He haven’t hear yit ’bout Minna. He wass Jan Oleson. He wass Minna’s sweetheart. Ya’as, dey wass married bimeby, nex’ year.”

W. D. M.

—There are delicate feelings resting like iridescent pollen on the surface of the soul which few poets are able to embody.

We can see them in ourselves, with their soft  
and brilliant coloring, but he that would touch  
them, brushes them away with the breath of  
his hand. It is because he has preserved these

for us that we are grateful to Bliss Carman for his "Low Tide on the Grand Pré."

It is not a poignant grief that the singer is enduring. The bitterness of the shock has passed away and a sweet melancholy has spread its veil over the wound. Or perhaps it is merely a fancied sorrow, the mist that with the ebbing tide rises at the setting of the sun. With the fleeting clouds his fancy passes here and there, now hurrying over the low meadow ground or pausing way out over the dark waters, yet ever reflecting the soft tint of the dying west.

N. A. S.

—"Aint it lovely poetry, Ed?" solicited the girl, as she looked up from the copy of the "Woman's Friend" on her knee and addressed the lanky fellow before her. He lay at full length biting spears of grass. "I don't see what 'oriental glow' means," he replied stolidly.

THE  
PERVERSENESS  
OF ED.

The two were resting in the black shade of the sweet briar whose perfume drifted along the hill, and below, the hot fields rippled in the capricious breath of a summer wind.

"I don't believe you've got any apprec-ia-tion, I think that's the word," said the girl, looking at him earnestly. "Now let me read this last verse."

"No, it's no fun—but say, Allie, look at the little yellow feller there." He pointed with a thick finger to a wild canary that swung with abandon on the tip of a tall mustard stalk shrilling its short notes, Chirup chee! "He's always sayin' 'sunlight, sunlight'! aint he," and Ed turned a red, happy face toward the girl.

"Humph!" she said and read the last verse to herself.

C. B. DEC.

—George Eliot somewhere speaks of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull gray eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones. It was a fat man with red cheeks, who wore a gray hat with a brim like a pancake, and who had never read a word of Eliot in his life, that furnished the occasion for some similar remarks.

*HIS  
THEORY.*

The hour was close on closing-up time, the tobies and glasses stood empty, Joseph was quite worn out with running and waiting, and through the blue air one could hardly discern the glow of the dying embers on the hearth or the gilt and black signs on the flowered wall-paper, heralding poached eggs and sardines to all men. The fat man tilted back his gray head-gear with a slightly unsteady hand, and smiled on the loungers around the table. "How about these grinds any way? they're an uncanny lot, nothing but brains and towseled hair and baggy trowsers. To-day I was wondering a bit if they live a college life at all, whether they have any friends or long talks on the window-seat in the dark, and all that. One of them was around to the room to borrow a book, and the way he got red, and looked at his feet and tried to start a joke, was something! I asked if he had his Math. for to-morrow; he put on a tough look and said 'he hadn't looked at the stuff—was going in on his face!' Now I'm sure he'll sit up till two, beside a green lamp, and grind like a pup. He made me tired—Well, Harry, favor us. You look as though you had a deep thought!" He stopped, quite out of breath, whereupon every one pounded the table approvingly, and the man called Harry laughed, "Nothing, Mac," he said lightly, "only you aren't quite fair." "Hear, hear! A defense of grinds from Harry the learned!" "I don't know," the little man replied, fingering the rough, carved top of the table thoughtfully, "but what I'm a grind myself."

"Shut up!" broke in the red-cheeked man, "you rose from the depths long ago! But go on, my child, the breathless audience hangs spell-bound."

"Well, really, fellows," the other began,—tilting back in his chair. "When you come right down to it, I don't believe you understand those chaps they call grinds. We lead a different life down here, and I'll admit it doesn't seem possible that a

man with big black spectacles resting on his cheekbones, and a Greek book always under his nose, should be like us, and think and feel the same as we do,—but don't they? It hurts me to see them scurrying around with their shy awkward looks at the rest of us. I know what they want, too. They'd like to hear a "Hello Billy!" or "Howdy Sam!" such as you fellows sling at each other. It would go clear down to their hearts, and sometimes, because they don't get it, they go up to their rooms, and lie down and feel like giving it all up. You can't imagine the longing and sense of failure that sweeps down then on a fellow in the dark. Perhaps you hear some one outside, calling to a class-mate you don't even know, and you feel hurt and lonely. Even when you look up at those faces that are so proud of their son, something sticks in your throat. There are lots of men who feel like that. Well, once there was a grind, no one knew him, and when he got sick, nobody cared. He was so poor he couldn't take a cab to the Infirmary, so he walked and fainted at the door. He took a hard fever, and when they thought he was going, they sent for his mother. She traveled two days without a bite to eat, and carried a carpet-bag across New York, walking all the way from the ferry, and got here just as the fever turned. They had drawn his bed over by the window, and he lay there, feeling the delicious coolness creeping over him, watching the moon come up behind the pines. She took him in her tired arms, and he forgot he was only a grind—he was happy."

They all sat quiet for a moment while the little man rattled the ice in his glass with apparent unconcern, and then, with a noisy shoving back of chairs, they passed through the swinging doors with the little windows, and up across the foggy green.

C. P. K.



## MEMORABILIA VALENSIA.

*Prom. Week.*

The Annual Promenade Concert was held at the Hyperion January 20th. It was followed by the Sophomore German in Warner Hall, and the Junior German in Alumni Hall.

The Junior Promenade was held at the Second Regiment Armory the next evening.

*The Day of Prayer*

Of Colleges in the United States was observed by Yale Thursday, January 30th.

*University Crew.*

On January 30th the University crew decided to enter the Henley Regatta.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*A Little Tour in America.* By Dean Hole. N. Y. Edw. Arnold.

The readers of Dean Hole's most interesting volumes of an earlier date, and the admirers of the reverend gentleman in his recent progress in the States, will have a feast in store for them when they take up the present and his latest book.

Dean Hole, dean of Rochester, is now over 70 years in age, but for that advanced time of life has kept intact most unusual gifts of head and heart. As an essayist fit for a quiet corner, and a pipe on a rainy day, he is the best of companions; as a preacher, as a conversationalist, as a philanthropist he is almost without peer. When he decided to make the tour of the States, last fall, and the news became public in America, considerable interest was excited, and when he remarked *en passant* that he would write his impressions of us, after the style of Dickens and Bourget, and the rest of our clever but critical friends, even greater interest was attached to it than before.

I suppose the author of these memoirs received one of the most continuous and gracious receptions that has been accorded to a foreigner in many decades. From the first his fame as a preacher and his reputation as a man paved a golden way for him. New York opened wide her doors, and on every side the distinguished traveler had the best of things. He passed through all our great cities (with the unfortunate omission of Boston) and the largest of our colleges, making friends everywhere, and setting down those impressions by the wayside that he has put in book form since.

The sights and sounds of New York astounded and well nigh deafened the aged visitor. "The roar of London seems to him as a faint murmur compared with the thunder of New York." Third avenue—"An elevated train runs through the center of this lively spot, with trains passing and repassing at brief intervals, with bells, puffing and screaming. Below, on either side, there is not only a tramway for cable cars, but outside of these a road for carriages drawn by horses." Then comes the impression for the first time, upon a foreigner, of that most ridiculous of all our urban circuses, that even strikes a native at times with drollery, the city street cars. "The conveyances are crowded with men and women who jolt against each other with polite grins whenever they come to a full stop."

The Dean was introduced to the sanctums of the different magazines, met the New York clergic notables, spoke at this and that banquet, and was entertained by the Century Club, and the Lotus Club. His animadversions on the newspapers of our country would seem justified to an extent. "They are entirely unworthy of so great a country as America." He devotes an interesting chapter to selections from the scare-heads of the dailies, and some of his leaders are most entertaining.

It is when he comes to Yale that we Yale men are most interested. "We went through the art studios and the picture galleries, in which were some

excellent portraits of Washington, by Trumbull; and then Mr. Thorne, the captain of the football team, showed us the largest and most complete gymnasium which I have ever seen, with its running track in a raised gallery, and every appliance for bodily exercise. He showed us the tanks, where the collegians are taught to row, and then the beautiful baths of white marble, where, slightly altering Hood,

‘There were some that leapt, and some that swam  
Like troutlets in a pool.’

I admired, without surprise, the splendid proofs of athletic prowess in the ‘Trophy Room’ of triumphant Yale. *Vae victis!*—woe to its adversaries!”

We were much interested in this disclosure of our brilliant visitor. It shows that Yale is known in the world for something, we do not much care what it is. The “troutlets” (that beautiful simile for the nature-clad collegians that stalk the marble halls of our combination locked Avernus) must be greatly gratified at the involuntary immortality they have found thrust upon them. The awful groans emanating from our distinguished graduate contemporary about the “uncomplimentary” utterances of the Dean are not so universally admired as some other of his delightful word puzzles. The book as a whole is commonplace beside Charles Dickens’ “Notes;” but from such an aged divine, at this late hour in the century, and prompted, as are all his observations, by earnestness and good will, it is a most interesting performance.

*The Armenian Crisis in Turkey.* By Frederick D. Greene, B.A. Illustrated. N. Y.: G. P. Putnam’s Sons. 1895.

We are in receipt of this book from Mr. Garrison, of the Junior class. It is a vivid and graphic picture of the Turkish massacres of 1894. The author says on p. xii, “I preach no crusade. But it is high time for the conscience of Europe and America to assert itself—not simply the ‘non-conformist’ conscience,—but the Orthodox and the Infidel conscience—against this crime on humanity. I use the title *Crisis in Turkey* because there *is* a crisis in the history of one of her most important races; there *ought* to be one throughout Turkey; and there *may* be one in Europe if selfishness, jealousy and duplicity are forever to stifle all considerations of humanity, national honor, and—I blush to add it—of Christianity.”

Chapters on the horrors of the massacres, with certified and official evidences of information, a history of the Turkish hold on Armenia, something on European politics, a history of the Americans in Turkey, and remarks on the U. S. in the East, with an excellent bibliography on the subject for further reading, fill the volume. There are a number of excellent photographs illustrating various men and scenes in the great drama. Josiah Strong, the author of *Our Country*, says in a short preface, “The facts published in this book ought to arouse such public opinion as will justify and compel prompt and efficient action on the part of the powers.”

*Architects of Fate, or Steps to Success and Power.* Compiled by Orison Swett Marden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

A picture of Columbus confronts the reader on picking up this volume. Portraits of twenty-five other famous men ornament the pages as we turn them over, all portraits most excellently reproduced.

There are many books of the class to which this one belongs, and but few of them that we have met that are so complete and at the same time so interesting. Twenty-six chapters comprise the book, and each one a short and pithy sermon, illuminated with numberless anecdotes and sayings of great men. The amount of reading that prepared the author for his task must have been enormous, and the incidents in the lives of the men he makes his heroes must have been gathered from a multitude of sources. As a repository of facts in men's lives, and as a series of brilliant papers on the fundamental platitudes of life, the book is invaluable.

#### NOTES.

*Psychology for Teachers* is the title of a little book by C. Lloyd Morgan, and is published by Edw. Arnold, London. "It is becoming daily more evident to the best teachers, that while education is an art it is also a science, and that if it is ever to be brought to perfection, it should be duly studied under both aspects," is the opening sentence in Principal Morgan's book. That teaching is coming rapidly to the front in modern professions is yearly more evident. From Froebel and his "Mother Plays" to such a class of books as this the tendency seems to be toward making teaching a "science as well as an art." The present book treats in a scholarly way different phases of the intellectual problem, such as "consciousness," "perception" and the like. The chapters on "character and conduct," and indeed the one on "mental development" are exceedingly fruitful.

In *Inductive Logic* President Ballantine of Oberlin publishes a text book on logic founded on his observations of the needs of students in his own class work. From a brief looking, it seems to be most excellent in its methods, as well as sound in its principles. The method of ample illustration of every point made is a welcome boon to the wearied student, who pores over Jevons, and crams the facts with little or no conception of their meaning.

We notice *The Bookman* for February. The literary notes as well as the more ambitious articles in this paper become more valuable and interesting to the reader as the magazine progresses. There is an article interesting to Yale men in the current number entitled, "Mr. Godkin and His Book." Ian Maclaren's "Kate Carnegie" has a pleasing second installment.

We have received *An Excellent Knave* and *Mary Magdalen* for review in our next number, from Lovell, Coryell & Co., N. Y.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

"An optimist is a man who has sound health  
and is a stranger to ideas."

—*Sinik the Sorrowful.*

There is a text upon which you might preach remarkable sermons if it were not for the fact that sermons are not worth preaching. Hence Saint Elihu skips the excellent morals which you will find in the pages of his favorite magazine and turns eagerly to his friend of old time. He knows we are under bonds not to preach, but to clip verses and to make critical and wise remarks. A friend says that the *open-sesame* of literature is "Damn the prigs," and so, acting upon his hint, we are prone to disregard the excellent moralizing of Sinik the Sorrowful.

And yet June is not far away, and March, when our successors come in like lions and we go out like lambs, is still nearer. What would you have? Are we to be optimistic, realizing that we must soon awake from our bed of roses, that we've only forty winks before cold reality rouses us? Let us get as many pulsations as we can into the brief interval. After all, the beautiful and the dreary places are generally the borderlands where we sigh and regret and yet look forward to newer and richer experiences. (Here we are falling into preaching again.)

But there is material for a poem in that idea of the borderlands which shall be written some day. The muse will come back again unless prosperity, the cheerless friend, should forever frighten her away. One's bed-fellow on the couch of roses says that when she comes again there will be streaks of grey in her hair, and crow's feet around her eyes, but, though I am an adherent of Sinik, I trust it is not true. She is so like the muse who has comforted many old fellows, one would hate to think of age and wrinkles for her. When the "curly gold locks" that "cover foolish brains" have quite uncovered the experienced head, and we begin to say, reminiscently, "When I was young," then we pray that the muse will be as young and careless as we are now, even if she still coquettes with us, and still denies her favors. She is your only optimist.

Many of the exchanges are stuck in a northern snowdrift, or swept away by southern rains, or Uncle Sam has detained them. Most of the verse is "winter-killed," to quote an agrarian phrase. Following are the selections for the month:

"MY LORD THE SUN."

The forests sway, and homage pay,  
As, rising from an eastern sea  
Of rosy cloud the Sun shines proud;  
Largess of light he scatters free,  
And showers around, with glory crowned,  
His rich regalia royally.

Lo ! gray cloud-foes his path oppose,  
The monarch Sun of flight is fain ;  
In mist chained fast, his splendor past,  
He spreads imploring rays in vain.  
The face of Day, his queen, droops gray,  
Tear-stained with drops of falling rain.

—*The Wellesley Magazine.*

RONDEAU.

Long years ago we met and I,—  
A careless school-boy passing by,—  
Stared at the little maid, whose face  
Shone with an unfamiliar grace  
From the brown locks that clustered high.

We did not question nor reply ;  
Our lips framed neither smile nor sigh ;  
Thought glanced and passed, to leave no trance,  
Long years ago.

We did not deem the years should fly—  
With balmy, or with cloudy sky—  
Until they brought, with laggard pace,  
Us heart to heart, as face to face.  
We did not know, not you, not I,  
Long years ago.

—*Univ. of Virginia Magazine.*

REMENYI.

A watchful sentry over moor and fen,  
Glad with the love that bids the ivy cling,  
A great cathedral stands, while softly ring  
The bells upon the listening ears of men.  
To coming pilgrims, from the choirs within  
A sound of harmony the mild winds bring,  
And through the holy place the swallows wing  
Their course, then haste into their native glen.  
The stirring foliage waves as o'er the brim  
Of glorious seas melodious with love,  
Enamoured of the whisperings of dim  
And piny woods that fringe the sheltered cove.  
The whole scene, beautiful and rapturous,  
Narrows the blue that spreads 'twixt heaven and us.

—*The Brown Magazine.*

## THE BRIDAL.

Dark is the night and the twilight past,  
The bleak north wind is blowing,  
Leafless and bare to the chilling blast  
The great tall trees are bowing.  
Through wood dark and drear,  
O'er hill, marsh and meer—  
Oh, whither so fast is he going !

He rideth so hasty his love to meet—  
Her father, the earl, him hateth—  
But his heart is strong and her love is sweet,  
Nor ever his speed he abateth.  
On, on past the mill !  
On, on to the hill !  
Where behind the grim earl waiteth.

She walketh out on the moor that night ;  
Oh why is he slow in hying !  
And farther still, with love's blind sight,  
To the hill she walks a sighing,  
On the cold ground dead,  
In his blood so red,  
She finds her lover lying.

A bridal ! A bridal ! though he be dead,  
For pillows must be the heather,  
And the bleak hill side is the bridal bed,  
And there shall we lie together,  
For the ring that night  
Is his dagger bright,  
And the shroud is the bloody heather.

—*The Red and Blue.*

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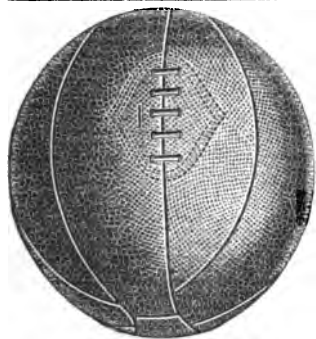
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HENRY ROMEIKE.

To the editor of *The Tribune*.

139 Fifth Ave.

New York, August 16, 1895.

Sir: For two months past I have kept tally how many newspaper articles interesting to my 4,000 subscribers appear week by week in the New York dailies. I have a system of checking reprints, and send only live and original news to my clients, who receive either articles referring to themselves or any other matter.

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Yours truly,

HENRY ROMEIKE.

WEEK ENDING

Paper.	June 10.	June 17.	June 24.	July 1.	July 8.	July 15.	July 22.	July 29.	Aug. 5.	Aug. 12.	Total.
<b>Tribune</b> .....	535	555	480	528	581	545	582	542	477	477	5,252
Times .....	498	473	412	410	373	391	491	304	363	399	4,204
World .....	505	421	405	361	329	270	270	276	285	335	3,457
Herald .....	303	302	272	234	267	254	297	237	298	274	2,738
Sun .....	397	400	391	365	340	348	348	330	353	339	3,611
Recorder .....	309	314	272	295	251	266	272	218	254	255	2,706
Press .....	253	230	147	171	206	216	224	278	260	237	2,222
Mercury .....	157	198	164	170	172	195	180	182	146	180	1,744
Journal .....	325	387	337	317	264	203	229	247	257	257	2,823
Daily News .....	188	173	134	185	144	134	148	134	129	139	1,508
Morning Advertiser .....	302	288	265	204	298	249	233	251	238	204	2,532
Com. Advertiser .....	280	315	237	273	267	264	283	253	281	302	2,755
Staats Zeitung .....	106	129	134	116	101	103	110	102	84	87	1,072
Mail and Express .....	483	462	365	343	318	351	368	357	325	321	3,693
Telegram .....	110	119	111	125	92	99	99	92	110	103	1,060
Evening Post .....	236	296	273	251	197	241	239	186	220	225	2,364
Evening Sun .....	109	94	100	114	86	108	71	90	94	88	954
Evening World .....	134	168	120	125	112	96	146	100	141	146	1,288

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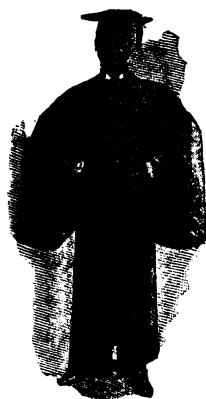
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